

At Our Best

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Honey Lemon takes a good look at Gogo's lips.

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Chapter 1

"Can I kiss you?"

It's sudden, unexpected, and not very well-thought out. In her defense, it's not like she had been seriously thinking about it, really; it had just slipped out of her mouth on impulse.

Gogo looks up from her notebook, a vague expression on her face. "I... sorry, what?"

"You heard me," Honey Lemon replies, smiling lightly and perhaps a tad flirtatiously. "Can I kiss you?"

"... Oh," Gogo says. Her face slowly turns scarlet. "I... um, this is awkward. Maybe we can build up a relationship before the whole big kiss."

"Ah! If that's the case, I-I'm sorry for asking!" The blonde stammers, waving her hands in front of her face. Gosh, she can feel her own face heating up; what an idiot, she tells herself, of *course* Gogo wouldn't want to just kiss her like that out of nowhere--

Then the biker laughs, which is seriously something Honey Lemon hadn't been expecting. *What?* "You believed that? I was kidding, you dork. If you really want to, then come over and kiss me." The words are spoken with a false bravado, Honey Lemon notes with amusement; Gogo's fingers are ripping through the pages of her notebook with how hard she's clenching it.

"W-Well." The blonde nods and smiles again. "If it's alright, then." She leans forward slightly, and manages to suppress a squeal as Gogo closes her eyes and instinctively tenses her muscles. Honey Lemon sighs, *she's so pretty*, and rests her hands on the biker's shoulders. "Relax," she murmurs. "If you really don't want to do this, I won't, alright?"

"It's okay," Gogo responds, slowly opening one eye. "I've kinda wanted to do this a little too, anyway. I've just been sca..." She pauses. "... a little unsure, that's all."

Honey Lemon smiles a little too widely - *God*, she's just too *precious* for this world, honestly - and leans in until their foreheads are touching. "I'm scared, too, but really really happy," she says, voice just barely more than a breath. "Okay?"

"Yeah," Gogo says, closing both eyes once again. She tips her head up enough for their lips to be mere centimeters apart. "Well? Wanna get on with it, sweetcheeks?"

Honey Lemon gives out a little, little giggle and presses their lips together. It's light and gentle and everything the blonde is, and Gogo kisses back, small and reluctant. Honey Lemon blinks, then wraps her arms around the biker and pushes her on her back.